

THE CHIPLEY BANNER.

VOLUME V.

CHIPLEY, WASHINGTON COUNTY, FLORIDA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1897.

NUMBER 13.

THE BOND OF FLESH.

A Tale of Life from the Tyrolean Mountains.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Conrad was contrived to murmur in my ear, would not hesitate. Olaf Aveling, however, was a different matter. Better risk there is than go on, like anxiety and self-torment.

"Well," I answered, "tell him, if he will, that I do, that I am willing to do to-morrow night."

"To-morrow night it was. But before I had a long talk with Linda, of this Conrad I listened, and I saw that he did so with a hungry look, varied by suspicious glances.

The poor fellow seemed to me something of a dream, of my own love for him. I well knew he was at the root of all his unhappiness. It refreshed me wonderfully at length yielded either to my power or his own weariness and into a feverish yet decided sleep.

I promptly addressed Linda then, these direct and tremulous words: "I have shown me that you care for me. I—I can only speak in whispers like this, or he will hear. Do you understand?"

"Yes," she answered, faintly, drooping eyes. "Linda," I pursued, "how much I really care for me?"

"Victor?" she faltered; "why, I'm fond, devoted sister. Have I not told you more than once?"

"Has meant nothing to me, Linda, love you in another way from that. Must have seen?"

"Victor, what are you saying?" "Then you think me madly foolish?" "Oh, yes, yes; why not?"

"You mean—because of him?" "Conrad—yes."

"Listen, Linda. If I were freed from him, what then?" "Freed from Conrad? Oh, you can't be serious—you can't."

all except Dr. Aveling, and he wants to make himself famous at any price. It's not that I'm so afraid to die, Victor—not that I even fear dying at all."

"No, Conrad?" "But it's leaving you. Ah, if we could both go together. Then I should not care in the least."

I turned, feeling like a Judas, and kissed him on the brow. "We probably will go together," I said, "when our time comes," and I meant, what I said, though in a sense wholly different from that in which he doubtless took my painful words.

It seemed an eternity before he fell asleep. I was remorseful, and yet burningly bent on carrying out my project. Somehow I already hated myself for the very force of determination which controlled me.

Conscience, however, kept applying to its hurt one sovereign lenitive. Had not Aveling assured me that our chances of life would be equal? I repudiated all my self-justification on that sole assurance. For the rest, my love of Linda made action, consent, acquiescence almost fatal.

When poor Conrad slept, and I was at last confident that he did so, I sounded the bell. Aveling entered very softly. In no time I had assisted him to place the sponge of ether at Conrad's nostrils. The light in the room was still dim. But I could see Aveling's face perfectly. It was calm, and perhaps a little paler than usual.

"You're excited," he said, with his hand on my pulse. "Oh, naturally," I answered. "Is everything ready?"

"Everything." "The other physicians are waiting in the next room?"

"Yes, and the work must necessarily be brief. You will have no suffering. Would you care to see Schreiner for a moment?"

"Does he desire it?" I asked. "He does and does not. He is un-nerved, and—"

"Very well; don't let us meet, then. He might unnerve me." I gave a faint, broken laugh now. "It is so horrid to take that drug. Could I not go through the thing without it?"

"No, no!" refused Aveling, "don't dream of it. All hope of safety lies in your perfect quietude and unconsciousness."

"Very well," I said. Just then the breathing of Conrad at my side grew stertorous, and a languor, whose cause I could not but know, stole through my veins.

In another moment I felt a sponge touch my own nostrils. Then there came a struggle against the heavy, asphyxiating vapors of the anæsthetic.



I FELT A SPONGE.

And just before I quite lost all count of things I have a clear recollection of seeing the lights of the room turned up to their fullest extent and several male figures trooping in through an open door.

That was all. . . . Immediately after I became unconscious Conrad and I must have been lifted from our bed into the adjacent room and placed on an operating table prepared to receive us.

CHAPTER III. I remember nothing until a period which must have been two or three hours later. And then, as it now recurs to me, I was so weak and yet thoroughly peaceful that I had no desire to use my memory at all. This was no doubt a result of the great blood-loss which I had sustained. Afterward came a blank.

I learned, later, that this blank lasted for nearly five days. The nurses watching me twice decided that I had ceased to live. Then vitality flickered back into a vague semblance of its old sway.

What I first clearly recall is refusing to drink a certain potion put by the nurse to my lips, and saying with vehemence that I had already eaten and drank more than was good for me. At this time my watchers were afraid that I might die of starvation, since the injections of nourishment on which I had been living had begun to fail of their nutritive office.

But from that hour, straight along, I began to recuperate. Once started, my bodily recovery was rapid. Not so, however, my mental recovery. For a good while I saw Conrad at my side, though he was no longer there. For a good while I spoke to him and thought that he returned my answers. The realization that we had been separated in a bodily way crept upon me with drowsy slowness. At last I inquired of my nurse:

"Where is my brother?"

"No, Victor."

"Yes, that is what they've all said—"

"We thought it best, sir," came the glib reply, "that you should be kept apart while you're both so ill."

"Then he is alive?" "Oh, yes, sir."

"Thank God! And has he suffered?" "Suffered? Oh, no, sir; not at all."

I heard myself heave a strong, grateful sigh just as I sank into a sleep which those few sentences made one of exhaustion.

But a little later I rallied most appreciably. Still to weak to leave my bed, I could yet hold converse with two or three doctors who visited me. The absence of Aveling became a source of surprise, and I soon inquired for him.

"He has been called away," said one of the doctors. "Yes—to Paris, I believe," struck in another; and then I saw them exchange a quick, peculiar smile—a smile which I was destined presently to understand.

"Where is my dear old friend, Oscar Schreiner?" I next questioned. "Why does he not come to me—he of all others?"

"We thought you were not strong enough yet," I was answered. "Not strong enough?" I returned, almost mockingly; "why, that is really absurd. Let him come at once."

But they refused, and three good days had passed before Oscar appeared at my bedside. He was very grave of demeanor, and looked somewhat haggard. After a little while, during which he held my hand and stroked it with fondness, he broke to me the tidings that Conrad had died (wholly without pain and still unconscious) on the evening of the operation.

"Dead! Conrad dead!" I cried, and swooned completely away. More days passed before I learned news equally harrowing, in a way even far more so. Desiring most earnestly to see Linda, I was told that I could not, for the reason that she had become Mrs. Olaf Aveling, and was on her wedding tour with her new-married husband.

Then the whole hateful truth burst upon me. Trembling with passionate revolt and disgust, I rose from the great arm-chair in which I was seated, and shook my clenched hand at Oscar.

"Olaf Aveling wanted to perform that operation," I cried, "because he believed it would kill me also."

"Victor!" exclaimed Oscar Schreiner, shocked and horrified, "how can you denounce as a murderer the man who has given you your liberty?"

"Liberty!" I echoed, with a scornful sneer. "What is my liberty worth, now that Linda is lost to me—Linda whom I loved with my whole soul?"

Oscar visibly shuddered and raised one repelling hand.

"I had no dream that you cared for her like this," he began, "until Aveling himself told me."

"Add then," I shouted, "you forced her to marry that treacherous devil!"

"I persuaded her—"

"You forced her," I struck in. "Yes, you must have forced her, for she loved me, she loved me. I had seen it; I had felt it through every fiber of my life!"

"But, Victor, listen. It seemed such a sacrifice for her to marry you, after Conrad's death. Forgive me if I thought this, but—"

"You consented, however, that she should marry the assassin of my brother."

"Oh, Victor! Think! If he had wished to kill you, might he not have done so?" I broke into a laugh of bitter irony.

"No. He was watched by those other doctors. And you yourself have told me that I was only saved by a miracle."

"Victor, Victor," sighed my listener. "Remember that you are not yet well—that excitement like this may reopen your wound!"

"I'll reopen it myself," now rang from my lips. And with reckless hands I tore from my side the bandages which clung to it. A great flow of blood followed, and for days I was once more prostrated. I wanted to die, and even prayed for death. But health asserted itself in obstinate refusal of my prayer.

Within another month I had completely recovered, and as soon as regained strength permitted I departed from Oscar Schreiner's house.

Almost immediately I went back to my native town among the Tyrolean mountains, and have lived there in solitude and retirement ever since. I am an old man now, and the story of the severed bond of flesh has become half-forgotten. It gave Olaf Aveling a great surgical reputation, however, and he has grown rich in consequence.

Hundreds of times, in my regret and repentance at the death of poor Conrad, I have felt like taking my own life. But that is all past now; I am in a measure quite at peace. Past, too, are the wildly vengeful impulses to seek out Olaf Aveling and end his life by a retributive blow of hate. I comprehend the utter failure of my new existence, yet strive to convince myself that it is a penance justly inflicted for having presumed to tamper with the decrees of an inscrutable destiny.

Often do I bless the mighty hills which engird me, and often it seems to me that they have somehow taught me noble and wholesome lessons. I watch their grandeur for hours, and learn

from it (or, perhaps, only fancy that I learn) the sacred wisdom of patience.

[THE END.]

Copyright, by the Authors' Alliance. All rights reserved.

MOONSHINERS KILL DEPUTIES

SIX UNITED STATES REVENUE MEN AMBUSHED BY OUTLAWS.

A BLOODY BATTLE IN ARKANSAS.

Two Deputies Killed Outright, Two Fatally Wounded and Two Mysteriously Disappeared.

A special from Little Rock states that six men were probably massacred in the wilds of the mountains of Pope county Sunday. Two were killed outright, two were fatally wounded and left for dead, and two have mysteriously disappeared and are either dead or being held captive by bandits. The killed are: Captain B. F. Taylor, of Searcy county, deputy United States marshal; Joe Dodson, of Stone county, deputy marshal.

The fatally wounded are brothers, named Renfrow, of Searcy county. The names of the missing men are not known, but they are supposed to be deputy sheriffs from an adjoining county. The victims were all deputy United States marshals and deputy sheriffs, and the men who did the work are moonshiners of the boldest and most desperate class.

The scene of the crime was a gulch or ravine in the mountains of Pope county, at a lonely spot, thirty-five miles from Russellville, the nearest telegraph office, and ten miles from Witt Springs.

The region is wild and isolated. It has for years been the favorite rendezvous of counterfeiters and moonshiners and is a district in which no law-abiding citizen can live.

The officers for a long time have been trying to break up the lawlessness in that vicinity and many battles between them and the desperadoes have occurred. Captain B. F. Taylor, the richest man in Searcy county and a man of much prominence, determined to help the officers in putting down crime. He secured a commission as a deputy United States marshal and led the posse in the raid that resulted in his death. A few days ago a successful raid was made in the same locality, in which a dozen moonshiners were captured and carried to Little Rock. One of them told the officers that at least fifty large distilleries were operating in the same neighborhood.

Taylor with his posse located a large moonshine outfit Saturday night and decided to make the raid Sunday. Proceeding slightly in advance of his men, Taylor was within thirty feet of the distillery when he was fired on from ambush and instantly killed. As Dodson ran up to Taylor he was also shot dead. Rifles began to crack in all directions and a volley was fired into the officers. The Renfrow brothers fell mortally wounded and lay by the roadside until later in the day, when a traveler named Pack came by. All traces of the bandits had disappeared, as well as two of the deputy sheriffs. The latter have not since been heard from.

Pack hurried to Russellville with the news and the coroner, together with a sheriff's posse, immediately started for the scene. It was not known by whom the crime was committed, but the officers believe the gang is composed of desperadoes led by Horace Bruce and John Church, two of the most dangerous characters in that locality.

Captain Taylor was an ex-captain in the federal army. He had served two terms in the state legislature and was noted for his bravery. Marshal Cooper Monday afternoon received the following telegram from the attorney general:

"Washington.—Expenses of posse subject to executive approval, not to exceed \$2,000, authorized; \$500 reward authorized for capture and delivery to marshal of all persons implicated in the murder. 'McKENNA.'"

MORE SOLDIERS SUMMONED.

Spain Calls Out Reserves for Cuba and Philippine Islands.

At a cabinet council at Madrid, Monday, it was decided to summon the next class of 80,000 reserves, 27,000 of whom will be sent to Cuba and 13,000 to the Philippine islands.

The minister, when questioned, denied that the council was occupied with the subject of colonial reforms or with political questions.

TAX COLLECTOR SHORT.

Investigation Shows Discrepancy in Mr. Lott's Accounts of \$40,000.

According to the report of State Examiners Purifoy and Cowan, Tax Collector E. B. Lott, of Mobile county, Ala., is \$40,000 short in his accounts for the tax year of 1896. Giving him the benefit of the doubts, he is over \$26,000 short. What his defalcations, if any, for the past year amounts to will be determined as early as the examiners can accomplish the arduous task.

Lott was one of the most prominent men in the state. He is advanced in years and is in failing health, and his condition is pitiable.

LABOR LEADERS ACT.

Adopt Platform Wherein Federal Judiciary Is Strongly Denounced.

The labor leaders of the country met at St. Louis, Mo., Monday pursuant to call. After organizing and appointing a committee on resolutions adjournment was taken until Tuesday. Shortly after re-assembling Tuesday morning the committee on resolutions reported a platform to the convention which in part is as follows:

"The fear of the more watchful fathers of the republic has been justified. The judiciary has become supreme. We witness a political phenomenon absolutely new in the history of the world, a republic prostrate at the feet of judges appointed to administer the laws. They acknowledge no superior on earth.

"Having drawn to themselves all the powers of the federal government until congress and presidents may act only by judicial permission, the federal judges have begun the subjugation of sovereign states, so that unless a check is soon put upon the progress of usurpation, in a short time no government but the absolute despotism of federal judges will exist anywhere over any portion of American soil.

"Whereas, The present strike of the coal miners has again demonstrated the fact that our so-called liberty is not freedom, but is a stupendous sham, under which millions are degenerating, while hundreds of thousands of men, women and children are starving in hovels and on the public highways.

"Whereas, This condition has become permanent for a large and ever increasing number of our population, as long as we permit a comparatively small class of legalized exploiters to monopolize the means of production and distribution for their private benefit, a fact again obvious in the case of miners;

"Whereas, Appeals to congress and to the courts for relief are fruitless, since the legislature as well as the executive and judicial powers are under the control of the capitalist class, so that it has come to pass in this 'free country' that while cattle and swine have a right to the public highway, Americans, so-called free men, have not.

"Whereas, our capitalistic class, as is again shown in the present strike, is armed, and has not only policeman, marshals, sheriffs and deputies, but also a regular army and militia, in order to enforce government by injunction, suppressing lawful assemblage, free speech and the right to the public highway, while on the other hand, the laboring men of the country are unarmed and defenseless, contrary to the words and spirit of the constitution of the United States; therefore, be it

"Resolved, first, That we hereby set apart Friday, the 3d day of September, 1897, as a 'Good Friday' for the cause of suffering labor in America and contribute the earnings of that day to the support of our struggling brothers, the miners, and appeal to every union man and friend of labor throughout the country to do likewise.

"Resolved, second, If the strike of the miners is not settled by September 20, 1897, and announcement made to that effect, a general convention be held at Chicago on Monday, September 27, 1897, by the representatives of all unions, sections, branches, lodges and kindred organizations of laboring men and friends of the striking miners and laboring men.

"Resolved, third, That we consider the use of the ballot as a means for mediation of the hardships which the laboring class suffers.

"Resolved, fourth, That the public ownership of railroads and telegraphs is one of the most necessary reforms for our body politic.

"Resolved, fifth, That we most emphatically protest against government by injunction, which plays havoc with even such political liberty as workingmen have saved from the steady encroachment of capitalists, and be it finally

"Resolved, sixth, That no nation in which the people are totally disarmed can long remain a free nation, and therefore we urge upon all liberty-loving citizens to remember and obey article 2 of the constitution of the United States, which reads as follows:

"The right of people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

It was agreed that the basis of representation at the Chicago convention should be one delegate to each labor organization and two from each congressional district.

PERRY TO HANG.

Governor Atkinson Refuses to Interfere With the Sentence of Court.

Georgia's governor decided the fate of H. B. Perry, under sentence of death for the murder of Bely Lanier, Tuesday afternoon.

The decision in the application for executive clemency was against Perry and the condemned man will hang Wednesday, September 8th.

The governor took the position that the question upon which the application for clemency was based was submitted to the jury, through the statement of Perry on the one side and the dying declaration of Lanier on the other, and that it did not effect their decision.

CAROLINA SENATORIAL RACE

SENATOR McLAURIN DEFEATS CANDIDATES IRBY AND EVANS.

HIS MAJORITY A DECISIVE ONE.

The Result Indicates That His Past Record in Congress and His Views Politically Are Endorsed.

The democratic primary for the selection of a candidate for United States senator was held throughout South Carolina Tuesday.

The polls opened all over the state promptly at 8 o'clock and remained open until 4 p. m., at which hour the rules of the party require that they be closed. Only those who took the oath required and whose names were upon the democratic rolls in the hands of the managers of election were permitted to vote.

The indications are that McLaurin will lead his opponents in nearly every county of the state and the seat in the senate, which he now holds by appointment, will be given him in due time by the legislature, and the short term in this instance means very nearly a full term of six years.

According to the latest returns the counties voted as follows:

McLaurin—Abbeville, Anderson, Bamberg, Barnwell, Beaufort, Berkeley, Charleston, Cherokee, Chester, Chesterfield, Clarendon, Colleton, Darlington, Edgefield, Fairfield, Florence, Georgetown, Greenville, Greenwood, Hampton, Horry, Lancaster, Lexington, Marion, Marlborough, Newberry, Oconee, Orangeburg, Pickens, Richland, Saluda, Sumter, Union, Williamsburg and York.

There are forty counties now in the state. Of course McLaurin has not a majority over both opponents in all of these counties indicated above, though he has in almost all of them. The latest figures attainable show the following totals:

McLaurin.....19,852
Evans.....6,280
Irby.....3,570

Every county is represented in this total, though, as explained, many precincts are still out. These totals are based upon the returns received by the state, and at McLaurin headquarters. Those who have a close knowledge of South Carolina contests and who have handled primary figures in the past, figure on a total vote approximating 55,000.

BRYAN'S NAME CHEERED.

Pennsylvania Democrats Hold Their State Convention.

The Pennsylvania democratic state convention to nominate candidates for auditor-general and state treasurer met in Reading Tuesday. A conspicuous feature of the decorations was a handsome banner adorned with a portrait of William J. Bryan and bearing the inscription "Liberty, Justice, Humanity, Equal Rights to All, Special Privileges to None."

State Chairman Garman called the convention to order at 12:30 p. m., and announced temporary organization as agreed upon by the executive committee. Congressman Ermentraut, temporary chairman, received a round of applause when he received the gavel from Mr. Garman.

A wild scene of enthusiasm followed Mr. Ermentraut's mention of the name of William J. Bryan. Delegates and spectators stood in their chairs and waved hats and handkerchiefs as they cheered the name of their leader.

The resolution declaring vacant the seat of William F. Harritt, of Philadelphia, as a member of the national committee, was adopted by a vote of 53 to 26.

FAURE WELCOMED HOME.

A Bomb Explosion Was An Incident on The Program.

President Faure arrived at Paris Tuesday evening at 6 o'clock and was met at the Northern railroad station by high officials, military and minister of councilors.

Ten minutes after the president had passed the Medeleine on his way to Paris a bomb exploded inside the railings of the church. Two arrests were made in the enclosure, which was immediately closed by the police.

COLOR LINE IN INDIANA.

Citizens of Elwood Warn Negroes to Leave the Town.

The negroes residing in the town of Elwood, Ind., have been warned to leave, and serious trouble is threatened if they disobey.

On numerous occasions during the past twelve years colored people have made efforts to establish permanent residence in the town, but were invariably driven away. Two months ago a colony of fifty negroes moved in and expressed a determination to brave all dangers and make Elwood their home. A number secured employment and then the warnings began to be served on them. A few of them departed, but the others remained.